

July 7, 1910

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JULY 14, 1910



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TOYS

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LIFE.

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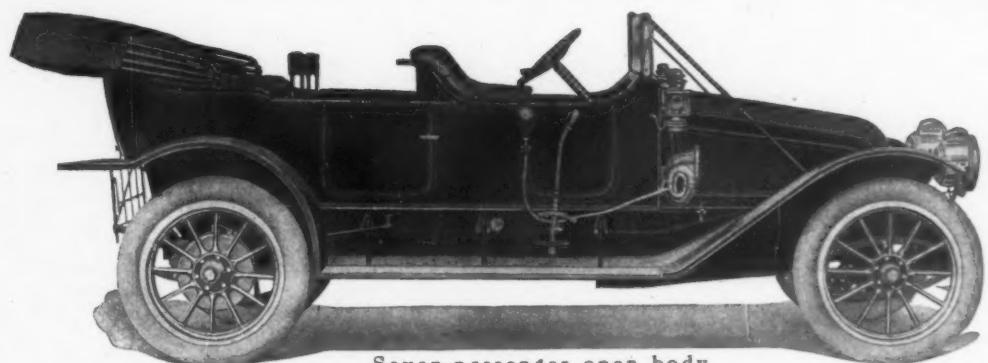
[The Pierce-Arrow at the New Theatre]

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y. Licensed under Selden Patent

Franklin "The Car Beautiful"

1911

1911



Seven-passenger open body

New Features: Handsome flush-sided bodies; beautiful new hood; new oiling system, overcoming smoking; quiet valve action; engine air jacket arranged to give complete accessibility; more room between the dash and the front seat and greater rake to steering column. **G** Model G has a longer wheel base. Model D is larger and has six 4 x 4 cylinders. Model H is larger, with six 4½ x 4½ cylinders. M is a new model, with four 4 x 4 cylinders. Top is standard equipment on all models.

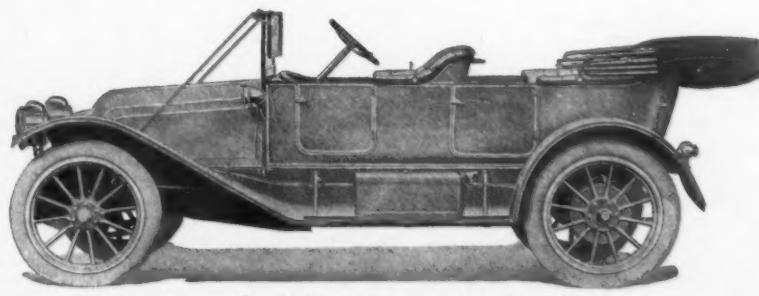
List of Models: Model H, 48-horse-power, six-cylinder, 133-inch wheel base, is fitted with seven-passenger open body or double torpedo-phaeton body. **G** Model D, 38-horse-power, six-cylinder, 123-inch wheel base, is fitted with five-passenger open body, double torpedo-phaeton body or seven-passenger limousine body. **M** Model M, 25-horse-power, four-cylinder, 108-inch wheel base, fitted with five-passenger open body or five-passenger limousine body. **G** Model G, 18-horse-power, four-cylinder, 100-inch wheel base, fitted with four-passenger open body or single torpedo-phaeton body.

The new Franklin hood lends itself perfectly to the flush-sided body. With no radiator to spoil the effect the body and hood lines are blended harmoniously.

Beauty in the Franklin is thrice beautiful because of its resilient construction, which gives the only luxurious riding, and because of its tire equipment, which eliminates the annoyance and expense of tire trouble.

Franklin air cooling is the ideal system for an automobile engine; it presents the greatest latitude of operation; it affords the lightest, simplest construction. It does all that water cooling can do, and more. The extra service it gives makes it superior to all other cooling systems.

To set forth in detail all the advantages of Franklin air cooling over water cooling would require another page, but the features which are bound to decide you are: Simplicity, freedom from attention, independence of climate and weather conditions, reliability, there being nothing to break down, and a higher thermo-dynamic efficiency.



Double torpedo-phaeton

New catalogue
on request

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY SYRACUSE N Y

Licensed under Selden Patent

Important Notice to Everybody

PLEASE STOP SENDING IN ANY MORE MENTAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO LIFE

A humiliating thing has happened.

We have overtrained.

We acknowledge our error with due apologies to all concerned, and trust that everybody will forgive us; in the meantime, we beg and pray that all will heed our request. At present our thought bureau is in the last stages of despair.

We make this appeal in the interests of common justice. Do this much for us, and we will present our deepest thanks to all concerned.

This, by the way, applies to our mental advertisers as well. We were obliged recently to increase our mental advertising rates to One Hundred Dollars a line, but this seemed to make no difference. The value of the medium was recognized, and our advertisers flooded us with orders.

To all our friends, therefore, we say, Please desist. We cannot take on any more mental subscribers at present, nor any more mental advertisers. We are sorry—more sorry than we can say—but there is a limit even to our own vibratory power.

The facts are as follows:

Several weeks ago we began taking on mental subscribers with the idea of getting ten million before September first. We fixed upon ten million as a proper number, although it seemed so high that we little dreamed of the possibility of reaching it.

But the fact that it didn't cost any plain every day money in these piping days of high living seemed to appeal to everybody at once. The idea of becoming mental subscribers to LIFE, and thus circumventing all of the mental ills that flesh is heir to, was a great lure.

Mental subscribers began to pour in by the thousands. Not a minute went by that the ether surrounding our thought bureau wasn't crowded with long lines of subscription vibrations, waiting to be entered and classified.

We issued a call for help. Almost any mental telegraphist, even if he only half knew his business, was grabbed up and made to do duty taking mental subscriptions. We took on everybody with any pretensions to vibratory power. We even engaged a lot of Christian Scientists, until, when Saturday night came around, we found there had been a slight error. We found that they expected to be paid in actual coin of the realm, in spite of the fact that we had reiterated time and again that this department has no connection with any other.

But it made no difference. The stream of mental subscribers continued to pour in. The five million mark was reached in three weeks. From then on it was easy mental money.

Now that LIFE has ten million mental subscribers on its list, and practically every mental advertiser in the country (which makes about ten million more), we are simply obliged to stop.

If, therefore, you find yourself beginning to think too much of LIFE in these days, don't let it carry you

too far. Borrow a mental copy from a friend. Do anything rather than obey that Impulse. Subscribe physically if you wish, by sending in plain every day money. We will turn it over to the proper party. But don't, we beg, send any more vibrations to our thought bureau. We have ordered all our thought staff away for a rest. Every person in this Bureau is now either at the seashore or the mountains in his, or her, mind. We wouldn't call them back for anything. They need the recuperation.

And now to our ten million mental subscribers we shall add a brief word. We do this physically in order that the few people who have not yet reached the highest mental plane will understand the message.

Carry a mental copy of LIFE around with you wherever you go. It vibrates harmony.

The following communication has just been received, among many others:

Dear Life:

Over three weeks ago I subscribed mentally to LIFE, and inasmuch as there has been no acknowledgment, and the paper has not appeared anywhere on my mind, I write to ask you what is the matter? It is possible that I did not do the thing right, or that my subscription may have been lost among so many vibrations. Will you look it up and let me know?

B ————— H

We find on referring to our imaginary lists, which are kept on file, that our friend's application was the very next one after the ten millionth subscriber. In other words, if he had been the fraction of a second earlier he would have gotten in. As the case stands, he missed it by the millionth part of a vibration.

Alas! Such is fate. We should like to include him in our lists, even at the risk of overstepping the mark, but this we cannot do. We have agreed not to take on any more than ten million subscribers, and we shall stick to our word. So our friend still remains in the outside darkness.

This leads us, in conclusion, to offer a moral reflection.

What fatal chance was it, we wonder, that made him delay his mental application? Was his mind dwelling on the tariff or on Theodore Roosevelt? Just a thought lay between him and lasting cheerfulness and joy, and he delayed seizing the opportunity. Thus we see that the responsibility of our thoughts is enormous. He loved his LIFE not wisely, but too slow.

Some day—when our mental thoughtists get back from their vacation, and we catch up a little—we may yield to pressure, and take on four or five millions more of new mental subscribers. It is just as well, therefore, right now to reflect that if this does happen you must think quick. Don't let your mind go wool gathering over the high cost of living. Obey that Impulse and concentrate on our regular thought subscription form.

In the meantime, we congratulate our ten million mental subscribers on their good luck, and wish them many happy special mental numbers of the day.



WORLD
Also Your Spa
and
POTTER
AB

LIFE.



AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.



WHEN SHE'S KEPT IN

WORLD TOUR—ORIENT
Also: Four Spain, Sicily, Italy (Christmas in Rome),
and France, sailing November.
POTTER TOURS (1st year) NEW YORK

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all
wine, aged and soft beverages. Apples, health,
etc., to use with Grapes, Fruits, Oranges, Wine Jello, etc.
Wine Martini or Pina Colada. Strong by itself, also in
drinks. G. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

88

• LIFE •

My Aeroplane

I would not be a butterfly;
I envy not the bird
The wings that lift him to the sky;
I hope to have some by and by,
But that may be deferred.

Mere wings, for all the poets say,
Would be more toil than gain;
But, when the thing has "come to stay,"
When it's quite safe, I hope I may
Possess an aeroplane.

The stranger beating at my door
Whom I have cause to shun
Would not annoy me as before;
I should not shiver at the bore
Or tremble at the dun.

But lightly to my roofree spring,
And 'on mine airy craft
Serenely from their presence wing,
Leaving them there to knock and ring
Till they were dead or daft.

And then, to sally far and wide,
To see, as from a cloud,
The haunts of privacy or pride,
Places one wants to see inside
Because it's not allowed;

The grounds about the ducal hall,
The parvenu's abode,
The park, the palace—most of all
The nunnery behind the wall,
So baffling from the road.

In truth 'twould be a dear delight
These hidden realms to see;
But, oh, it is the secret night
When the advantages of flight
Mostly appeal to me.

There is a certain man I hate.
With divers plot and plan
I have schemed early and schemed late,
Seeking a just and adequate
Revenge upon that man.

Yet one by one they came to naught;
Some were too gentle; some
Involved the risk of being caught
(Which wouldn't do at all); I thought
My chance would never come.

But now—some night I hope to go
In one of these machines,
Armed with a good stout bomb; and, oh,
Rapture! with any luck I'll blow
That man to smithereens.

—Punch.

The One to Be Pitied

A tender-hearted little girl was looking at a picture of Daniel in the lions' den. She suddenly began to cry, whereupon her mother said:

"Are you crying for the poor man, dearie?"

"No; I'm crying for that little lion over there in the corner. He isn't going to get any at all!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

For Fine Correspondence or
for General Business Uses

WHITING PAPERS ARE STANDARD



When you think of writing
think of

WHITING

because the Whiting Papers have the qualities in tints, textures and finishes that make business and social correspondence easy and satisfying. These papers have been the standard for nearly half a century.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WHITING PAPER COMPANY
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston

Saving His Life

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking.

"Sing Loo, greatest doctor," said his servant; "he save my life once."

"Really?" queried the Englishman.

"Yes, me tellible awful," was the reply; "me callie in another doctor. He give me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callie in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callie in Sing Loo. He no come. He save my life."

—*Birmingham (England) Post*.

Hupmobile



4 cylinders; 20 horsepower; sliding gears; Bosch magneto—\$750 f. o. b. Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools and horn.
Top, wind shield, gas headlights and tank, electric dash lamps extra.

The second year of a car that has never lost a friend—a car that continues to make good with a constantly growing list of owners that now mounts into the thousands.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. J., DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Licensed Under Selden Patent

LIFE



FAREWELL TO THE BRIDE

Freedom

WHAT we need in this country is more freedom. The railroads need freedom from the domination of the people and the people need freedom from the domination of the railroads. Corporations in general need freedom to make as much money as possible and the rest of us need freedom from being the ones off whom this money is made. And that's the trouble with freedom. It is too general and allows itself to be brought into conflicts. When freedom meets freedom then comes a political issue.

Ellis O. Jones.

"WAS your husband kind to you during your illness?"
"Koind? Ah, indade, mum! Moike was more loike a neighbor thon a husband."



GREEK ROOTS

• LIFE •



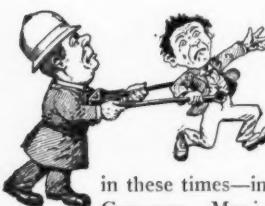
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. JULY 14, 1910 No. 1446

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



ONE of the liveliest contemporary subjects of contemplation is the Roman Catholic Church. No matter where you look at it in these times—in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Mexico or these United States—there is something out of common going on nearly all the time. It seems to be undergoing a delayed and gradual readjustment to the world as it is. In the Catholic countries of Europe the effort is to detach it from government and from control of public education. In this country, where no such work is necessary, the phenomena which catch attention result from the clashes of conflicting spirits within the church—clashes between the spirit that would hold the church as much as possible separate from other Christian bodies, and that which would fellowship as far as possible with other bodies; clashes between minds more or less open to modern knowledge and those governed by ancient authority; clashes between struggling individualism and the depositaries of ecclesiastical discipline.

One of these clashes happened the other day in western Massachusetts as a consequence of a sermon preached by Dr. Gallen, of the Roman Catholic Church in the village of Florence, who, in a discourse on education, spoke of it as matter for congratulation that Catholic young men by thousands were going nowadays to such universities as Yale and Harvard, and Catholic girls to such colleges as Smith at Northampton, and so getting as good education as the country offers and forming useful associations with their non-Catholic coevals. But the Bishop of

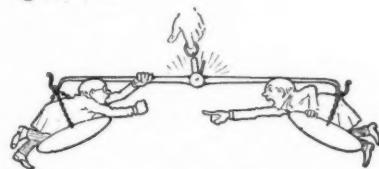
Springfield, who is Dr. Gallen's spiritual superior, does not take the view of these matters that Dr. Gallen does, but believes in Catholic schools and colleges for Catholics. He said that Dr. Gallen had preached against the policy, or the rules, of his church, and accordingly invited him to resign his charge which, dutifully, he did forthwith.

Of course, such incidents as this are merely a part of a contemporary process. The Bishop is entitled to his convictions and has doubtless acted within his authority and according to his conscience. In doing so he has advertised the opinions of the priest whom he has disciplined, and doubtless strengthened in those opinions such Catholics as hold them.



IT seems hard to keep any group of religionists separate in this country. There isn't enough persecution to accomplish it. The orthodox Jews seem unable to hold their young people to orthodox Judaism. The national current is too strong for separatists. The great mass of the Catholic laity is American first, Catholic afterwards. Many of the likeliest of their young men avoid the Catholic colleges, not because the instruction in them is not good—we believe it is first rate—but because they are impatient of restricted associations, and want to get as completely as possible in touch with the whole of American life. The Catholic colleges begin to suffer from the same dispositions that have affected most of the Protestant denominational colleges. Almost all the older colleges in the country were founded by Protestant sects for more or less sectarian purposes, and especially to fit young men for the ministry. One after the other they have pulled away from denominational control, and the process is still going on, in most cases with the full consent and approval of the denominational bodies concerned. The general conclusion of the Protestants is that religious control of colleges is no longer advisable, and that religion

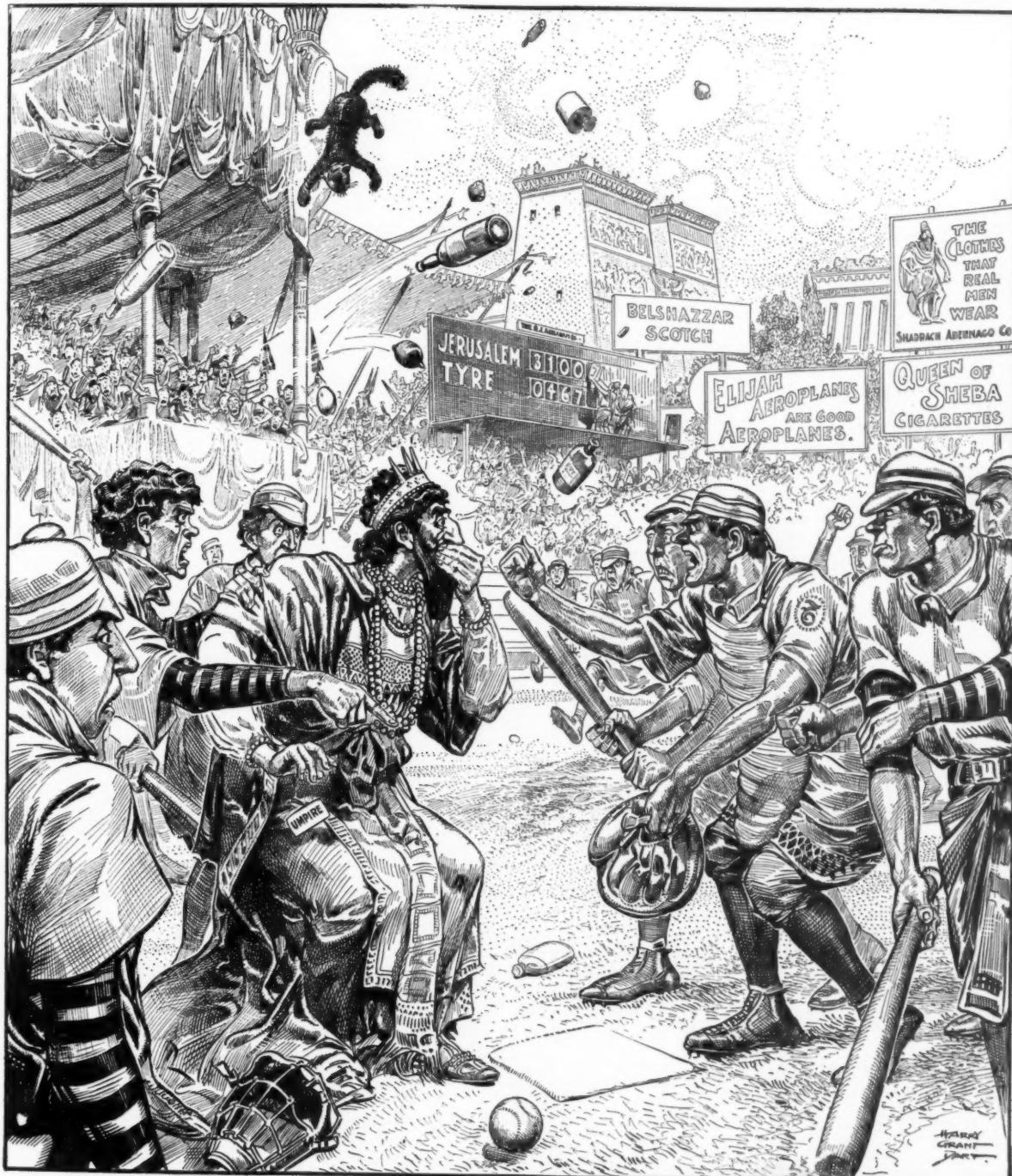
itself is better taught and cultivated in colleges under secular control, devoted to the pursuit of truth, but not committed to prepossessions about the details of it. We doubt if religion ever prospered as well in American colleges as it does in these very days in the colleges where the pursuit of truth is untrammeled and neither officer nor teacher is subject to a religious test.



WE have read that in most parts of Canada the Catholics can have, if they choose, a share of the public school money and run their schools to suit themselves, and that the consequence is that parochial schools are very much rarer in Canada than here. It is represented that the grievance which the American Catholics feel in being (practically) twice taxed for education is the strongest asset that the parochial school system has, and a very important factor in the spread of it. How true this story is we do not know, but it is interesting, and it accords perfectly well with human nature. If it can be verified, it is the best argument we ever saw for giving our Catholics a share of the school moneys.

The great reason why the advocates of separate Catholic education have so much trouble keeping the likely Catholic youths out of the secular universities (which are overwhelmingly Protestant) and the Protestant schools, is that Catholics receive in those institutions so large a hospitality and so fine a consideration. As a rule, we believe, they are just as definitely Catholics when they come out as when they go in, but it is hard to make enthusiastic separatists of them.

Well, it is all interesting. Father Gallen, who has lost his parish because of his views on education, is on the winning side of a great contention, and the Bishop who has disciplined him seems a good representative of the party in his church that is riding surely to a fall. Yet the fall won't hurt the church, but will do it good.



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON

•LIFE•

Life's Fresh Air Fund

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------|
| Previously acknowledged..... | \$3,245.50 |
| E. S. Williams..... | 5.31 |
| "H. K. H."..... | 25.00 |
| Mrs. A. H. Storer..... | 5.00 |
| "Well-Wisher"..... | 5.00 |
| Beatrice T. Morrison..... | 5.00 |
| Mrs. C. J. Wylie..... | 2.00 |
| "E. M."..... | 2.00 |
| J. H. Hay..... | 5.00 |
| William Alban Ulman, Jr..... | 5.00 |
| C. W. Deane..... | 10.00 |
| Roland Mather Hooker..... | 5.00 |
| John P. Elton..... | 25.00 |
| Mrs. Jonathan Bulkley..... | 25.00 |
| E. T. W..... | 10.00 |
| Ralph D. Whiting..... | 5.00 |
| Thomas Sharp..... | 2.50 |
| T. E..... | 5.00 |
| C. M. B..... | 5.31 |
| George W. Clyde..... | 20.00 |
| "Brigbak Wild West Show"..... | 2.50 |
| Mrs. W. Eugene Kimball..... | 25.00 |
| M. G. F..... | 5.00 |
| John Alsop King..... | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Nathaniel Witherell..... | 25.00 |
| Alfred G. Vanderbilt..... | 100.00 |
| Frank Walter..... | 25.00 |
| Betty Balch..... | 1.00 |
| "Cash"..... | 10.00 |
| Mrs. W. Todd Porter, Jr..... | 5.31 |
| "Dorothy"..... | 5.00 |
| P. Gadenbusch..... | 13.00 |
| A. H. N..... | 5.31 |
| Y. M..... | 10.00 |
| Al. Burgwin..... | 21.31 |
| E. M. Ziegler..... | 100.00 |
| Solomon Robitschek..... | 1.00 |
| Arthur C. Hastings..... | 10.00 |
| "Amelia"..... | 3.00 |
| Ellen Bruce and Henry Davis Lee..... | 5.00 |
| "W. O. M.—S. S. C."..... | 5.00 |
| "In Memory of Little Louise"..... | 25.00 |
| "In Memory of H. S. G."..... | 5.00 |
| Mrs. J. Sumner Draper..... | 10.00 |
| "A. M. C. Junior"..... | 5.00 |
| Agnes H. Cattus..... | 10.00 |
| | \$3,860.55 |

A Chance for a Specialist

The large combinations of capital are not in any true sense the cause of our difficulties and dangers to-day. They are symptoms rather than causes, indications that population has become so large and society so com-



AT LIFE'S FARM

THE TUG OF WAR

plex that their needs have outgrown the framework which sufficed for the older and simpler conditions. We must educate the people up to the point where they will be content to leave some things to specialists.—*President Hadley*.

ALL right, Doctor, but the specialists in money-getting must play fair and leave some things to us.

Why not you, sir, for a specialist in trust regulation? It has been complained that the development of an extremely valuable railroad specialist was checked when you became president of

Yale. Any able man of influence who thinks he knows how to regulate the trusts ought to apply for an engagement to work on that difficult problem.

Needs a New Scul

ANY party that is in the business of saving souls will oblige many friends if he will save one for the *Sun*. The *Sun* needs a new soul. Its brains are good; its manners are fair; its dress is pleasing, but it ought to have a new soul. It deserves something for the faithful, dogged way it has stood up for Ballinger when its intelligence must long ago have assured it that Ballinger was out.

Twelve Dollars a Ton

People of Alaska have to pay \$12 a ton for coal at the coast while they have plenty undeveloped at their very doors. Such is our present ruinous policy.—*Senator Nelson*.

THAT'S bad, Senator; very bad. It is lamentable that it should take so long to make that Alaska coal available. But, after all, if a substitute for that undeveloped coal costs twelve dollars a ton the undeveloped coal must be worth saving to the people of "the Slope." When the faithful *Sun*, quoting you as above, thinks it "barely possible that a considerable portion of the United States will prefer not to ignore such little facts," the *Sun* is right. The little twelve-dollars-a-ton fact meets in the solar plexus the fact so often offered as bearing on the Alaska coal lands that there's lots of undeveloped coal land in the country that can be bought for five dollars an acre.



JUST BEFORE EMBARKING THE LEADING LADY DISCOVERS THAT IT IS FRIDAY, THE 13TH.



Teddiana

HE has often said—he said it last to the Cambridge (England) undergraduates—that he is just an ordinary man, with abilities that are not rare, and that anybody who would take the trouble could do about what he has done.

He also continues to advocate reasonably large families.

These two preachers don't go well together. If he is an ordinary man one male child to every five or ten marriages is plenty. More than that would crowd the earth, so that there would not be room on it to raise the animals necessary to keep the ordinary men amused and exercised.

Ordinary folks like the Colonel need lots of room. But, of course, he is imperfectly ordinary. One can understand what he means about the quality of his talents. They are plain, every-day talents, and the reason he has made so much of them is that he has hustled them so hard. But he does not appreciate his dynamo, and how entirely out of ordinary it is. He can keep on working at high speed day after day for long periods of time. A fairly wise man who can do that ought to get anything in reason that he wants. Most men can't do it. They have to stop and rest and accumulate some more energy. Life and effort have made the Colonel, just as they have always made all considerable men, but his advantage has been that he could live the life and sustain the effort. He had the entrails for the enterprise—most men haven't.

But what's the use of talking about that man! When you get through there's just as much to say as when you began. We—all are Sisyphus and he is the rock of our conversation.

"**M**ISS PASSAY is furious with that society reporter."
"Why so?"

"He published the announcement of her approaching wedding under the column headed 'Late Engagements.'"

On Shipboard

MENTAL HEALER: Do you want our prayers?
SEA SICK MR. NEWTHOUGHT: Just a few silent waves is all I ask.

Socialism

NO less a person than President Taft has recently said that Socialism has become, or is about to become, a problem, adding incidentally that the Republican party alone is fit to solve it.

We have too many problems already and all of them are unsolved. Accordingly, Socialism has no right to thrust itself upon us at this time.

There may be optimists, however, who can conjure up a more hopeful view of the predicament. They may adopt the more-the-merrier theory and maintain that, in a multiplicity of problems, one more could make but little difference, and that one of these days, when we have thoroughly worked ourselves up to the proper problem-solving, mental, moral and physical attitude, we will go at the job wholesale and stay at it until all the knots are untangled, be they one or fifty.



"**S**AY, OLD BOY, YOU WOULD BETTER GET ONE OF THESE SUITS BEFORE THE DOCTORS PICK YOU UP."



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

MARY BAKER GLOVER EDDY

Born July 16, 1821

It is a real pleasure to offer our felicitations to one of the most remarkable women ever born in this country. Mrs. Eddy has had truly a wonderful career. More maligned than any woman has ever been that we can now recall, and, on the other hand, more exalted, she has held her course in apparent serenity; and at present, at an advanced age, is still the head and front of one of the greatest religious movements known. She has made the doctors sit up and be more careful; she has attracted crowds of worshipers, and she still remains with us in undiminished glory. Every effort to dislodge her has only resulted in disaster.

Madam, you have established a true claim upon our respect. However much we may disagree with your views, it is of much more consequence that we should acknowledge your powerful personality.

We give you our blessing. Peace and a long life continue to be your lot.



WILLIAM WINTER

Born July 15, 1836

William Winter has long been our chief dramatic critic and Shakespearean exponent. It will be remembered that not long ago he was deposed from the staff of the New York *Tribune* because he could not write advertisements. When a man has passed so many years of his life in penning humble literature it is not to be expected that in one bound he can attain to the heights of advertisement writing. Mr. Winter, therefore, still remains a litterateur, respected by a few, but without that wide clientele which he would have been able to command had his versatility extended to the demands of the Theatrical Trust. We are all naturally sorry about this. But what has been the *Tribune's* loss is our gain; for we are among those who admire him for his limitations.

May you, sir, continue to merit our admiration and esteem.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER
Born July 15, 1854



This gentleman is one of our most notable scholars. He was graduated from Brown University, and since 1899 has been president of the University of California. He is a corresponding member of Kaiserliches Archäologisches Institut, part editor of a philosophical dictionary, author of an "Introduction to the History of Language," and a philologist of note. As Ben Jonson once remarked:

*To him Greek
Is as easy as pigs squeak,
And Latin no more difficult
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.*

We feel, therefore, a proper awe in proposing his name to this gallery of immortals. Nothing that we can say will add to his glory.

We may, however, be permitted to wish him the best of health and a long continuance of his labors among us.

Sir, you are an honor to your profession. May you live long.



ROSE PASTOR STOKES

Born in Russia, July 18, 1879

Mrs. Stokes is the wife of J. G. Phelps Stokes, who, it will be remembered, met her while engaged in settlement work. She is working for the good of her fellow woman, and is entitled to our homage and respect.

Madam, we accord to you freely our admiration for your fine qualities. We believe that you have done much good, and we trust that your days may be long in the land where so much good is needed to be accomplished.

To the Stranger Within Your Gates

IN New England: "What do you know?"
In New York: "How much y' got?"
In the South: "Who are you?"
In the West: "What can you do?"

Puritanism in America

WE keep thinking about the Eastern ministers who were so opposed to the prize-fight; and of the strength and general quality of the opposition to it, and thence of contemporary Puritanism in America.

Will some competent, thoughtful person please write a magazine article on that subject and print it somewhere where there is room?

Somehow, the prize-fight seemed to get hold of the ministers' imagination as a particularly awful thing that must not be allowed, no matter what. Why do they feel so strongly about it? As has been several times said in LIFE, prize-fights on their ethical side seem to be out of date. They are not refined; they are considered by persons who have never seen one to be brutal; their associations are fairly disorderly; the less enlightened part of the world cleaves to them a little; to the more enlightened folks they are distasteful. But the important thing about them is that they are unimportant, merely representing one form of physical exercise. The real fighting nowadays is done with heads, not with hands, and the bodily exercises come in merely as means of maintaining that discipline of the body which supports the more aggressive activities of the mind. Boxing is still a good exercise, and the "manly art" is still manly, but it is far less important than it used to be fifty years ago, when in this country we had no baseball, tennis, football or polo.

The parasite that is killing off certain kinds of sports and traffics is commercialism. It catches them going and coming. One trouble about horse racing was that it had been developed so successfully on its business side that the moralists found it easier to persuade folks that it needed government regulation. The business end of the prize-fight was cultivated with so much zeal and advertisement and stimulation of the imagination of the country that it not only agitated the moralists but stirred the anxieties of rival interests. When the threat was made that the fight might lose San Francisco the Fair, the Governor of California decided that, on the whole, the prize-fight would cost his State more than it was worth. Considerations like these keep liquor advertisements out of some of the periodicals. Magazine makers seldom object to them *per se*, but examining the sentiments of their constituents they sometimes conclude that they are not profitable. So the greatest peace argument of the day is that war seems to be costing so much more than it is worth.

Any enterprise that depends upon extensive advertisement for its success is necessarily a suitor in the court of public



THE EMPEROR OF THE WEST

Charlemagne Compelled the Ignorant Chiefs to Attend His School.

—Gibbon.

opinion. We can still do pretty nearly as we like, especially in matters of sport, provided we don't try to make money out of it. But to make much money there must be publicity and advertisement, and the moment we advertise we invite comparison of our intentions with the general ethical sentiment of the region in which we propose to operate. We can play baseball in the back lot all Sunday afternoon, but when we fence in the lot and want to stick up bills and charge admission—that's another story, and we will have to discuss it first with all the folks.

HE is brave?"
"Even to the point of recklessness. Why, he dines at Simpson's, and Simpson has four marriageable daughters of uncertain age."

When women vote, the nation will fall,
Down will come Liberty, Suffrage and
all!

CAREFUL MISS MUFFETT

Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffet

Eating of curds and whey;
The curds had been sterilized,
The whey had been vaporized,
And she didn't eat much, anyway.

CARELESS HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
He let his picture puzzle fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's
men
Couldn't put the puzzle together again.

KISMET

Jack Spratt could not get fat,
His wife could not get lean;
Although they ate three meals a day
And lots of things between.

DIET

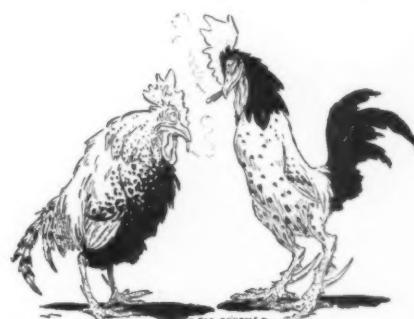
If all the world was cake and pie,
And all the sea was sweet;
And all the woods were starchy foods,
What should we have to eat?

UNCOUNTED

Hickory, dickory, dox,
A mouse in the ballot box!
The women yelled,
The votes were spilled!
Hickory, dickory, dox.

CAUTION

I like little pussy, her coat looks so
warm,
And if I don't touch her she'll do me no
harm.
So I'll not pull her tail or pat her smooth
head,
For fur's full of microbes that might
make me dead! Carolyn Wells.



The Tall One: WHAT IN THUNDER DID
YOU BUY AN INCUBATOR FOR?

"MY WIFE IS A SUFFRAGETTE."

• LIFE •



MODERN VERSION
THE MAN SHE LEFT BEHIND HER

The Great Change

"TO-MORROW is the day."

As the young husband spoke his laugh was gay and free from care, nay, even joyous.

"Yes, dear," he continued, "to-morrow is the happy day that shall take us away once more to the country, where the children can romp and play, where all nature smiles and the health and bloom of youth will come back to all of our cheeks. Are you ready?"

She looked at him curiously.

"Ready?" she exclaimed, "why, you——"

"I have planned everything," he said, "and I advise you to get to bed early to-night, so that you will be in condition for the morrow. Have you got the railroad tickets?"

"I do not understand."

"And have you taken down the packing boxes from the attic and provided yourself with hammer and nails, also screws and shipping labels? Have you arranged with the express company? Have you secured seats in the parlor car and notified the people that we are all coming? Have you gone over the trunk keys, and folded up the rugs, and notified the gas and water companies, and had the plumber come to clean out the furnace? Have you done all this—nay, more—have you seen the postmaster and the laundryman, and are you ready to take all the grips down to the station, and cover the furniture and——"

She stopped him with ashen face.

"Are you mad?" she said. "Haven't we been married for years, and hasn't this always been *your* duty?"

"Yes, darling," he replied quietly, "it has; but inasmuch

as you have recently joined the suffragette party, why, this year, things are going to be quite different." And picking up his case of poker chips he went out into the night and left her sorrowing.

The Government

SEE the Government!

Yes, it is a handsome, a magnificent Government. What does it govern?

It governs its constituents, to be sure.

Where did the Government come from?

It came from its constituents, to be sure.

Do you mean to say that the constituents were unable to govern themselves and so created something to govern them?

Oh, no, I do not mean that. The fact is that the constituents govern themselves through the Government.

Oh, I see; the Government governs those who govern the Government.

Exactly.

Isn't it strange?

Not at all. It's a republic.

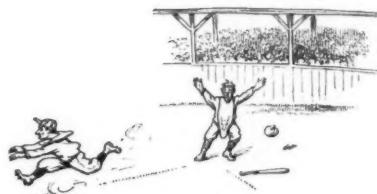
"**T**ALK about your big troubles! The Crawfords are having it all right."

"How so?"

"They have a wonderful cook who has been with them for ten years, and she has just presented them with a large framed crayon portrait of herself."



Golfing Bug: HURRY, CADDY, AND GET THAT BALL. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE I PAY YOU FIFTEEN MILLET SEEDS PER ROUND FOR, ANYHOW?



AVIATION NOTE

MR. SPINDLE, THE WELL-KNOWN AVIATOR, MADE A SHORT BUT SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT AT THE POLO GROUNDS YESTERDAY

Smith

HIS name was Smith,
A common fate.
It seemed to bar
Him from the great.
Most Smiths have felt
The same of late.
He struggled, though,
Till he became,
In civil law,
A famous name
And found one hundred
Smiths the same.
He felt he was
By name accursed,
For though, in crime,
He did his worst.
One thousand Smiths
Had been there first.
So then he practised suicide,
And carefully
He went and died—
The way one million
Smiths have tried.
He dangled in
A sulphur stew,
And there he cussed
Till Hell was blue—
One billion Smiths
Were in there, too.

The Bedside Manner

THE economic relationship of manners to civilization has not always been fully understood. That manners have a financial value is known in commercial circles, but even there the attempt to place them on a commercial basis has only been recent, namely, in the correspondence schools in salesmanship. Generally speaking, however, manners have been regarded as something fairly desirable but of doubtful importance except as a luxury.

The bedside manner, however, has long been recognized as having a large bearing on the income of the doctor. Some doctors are born with a natural bedside manner. In this case no other knowledge is necessary. To make a patient feel at ease in the presence of a probable operation is of much more consequence than the ability to tell whether an operation is necessary or not. One must have tact. The doctor who, in response to the patient's inquiry as to whether he would recover or not, replied that it was doubtful, as they didn't know the nature of the disease, but that the patient would be proud to know that, when it had been duly determined at the autopsy, it would be named after him—this doctor was unfitted for his profession. He ought to have been a motorman.

The proper bedside manner is one that carries conviction with it. It should inspire perfect confidence. For this purpose it is recommended that every young doctor take a course in Christian Science merely to improve his bedside manners. He will then, while practically acknowledging that the patient cannot possibly get well, be able to conceal it effectively under a gay demeanor. "Many is the time," said the young clergyman at his first funeral, "have I dangled this corpse on my knee." This is the kind of speech every doctor should avoid. It doesn't pay.



Old Lady (who has lost her bearings): But, dear me! I'm certain that the last time I was here I went that way to Harlem.

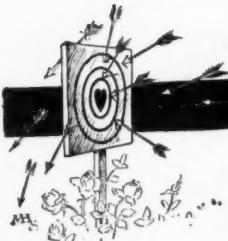
Diplomatic Policeman: It's right in the opposite direction, now, Mum. You'd be surprised at the changes that's been made.

• LIFE •

Alternatives

HE is a fool who tries by strength or skill
To stem the current of a woman's
"will."
But you're a wise man if you don't
Place too much credence in a woman's
"won't."

Love vs. Business



MARRIAGE is always a doubtful expedient. But then she was a very pretty girl.
"You have never once looked into her disposition," said my friend Timbal, who was intensely practical.
"Here you are, off at the slightest chance, plunging into a thing that may carry ruin in its train for the rest of your life."

"My dear boy," I replied, "don't you know that nature arranges those things better than we do? (I had once skimmed through some of the natural philosophers). Don't you know that reason is the most uncertain guide, and that our intuitions, our predilections, are the only sure way? I have a strong impulse to fall over head and ears in love with her. What do I care for her disposition? How can it ever be otherwise than heavenly?"

"What do you suppose," asked Timbal, "that nature gave you a reason in the first place, if not to use in just such cases as this? You take my advice. Go slow. Look her up."

A sudden determination possessed me. Timbal, although my lawyer and trustee for my father's estate, was only ten years older than I. He could withhold from me my fortune if he thought I was making a serious mistake. I knew, however, that he had my interest at heart, and I determined, therefore, to satisfy him.

"Look here," I said, "why don't you look her up?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, if you think it is wise to do it, you can certainly do it much better than I can. I am falling in love with her too rapidly to have the best judgment. I will take the next train back to town on business, and do you stay on here for a week or longer and make up your mind about her. If you think she is all right, let me know."

"That isn't a bad idea," said Timbal

thoughtfully. "I am fairly busy; still—"

"This is business, isn't it? You are concerned with my affairs. Just put in a bill against the estate. Certainly nothing could be more important."

"You are right; I'll do it."

I tried to conceal my delight with an air of indifference. I didn't want to let him know how really glad I was.

"Very good," I said. I looked at my watch. It behooved me to show that I was prompt.

"The next train leaves in an hour. I'll say good-by to her and then I'll be off. You'll keep me informed?"

He smiled with pleasure at my acquiescence.

"Oh, yes. And you can reply upon me to let you know all about her, and if she is the right kind of a girl for you——"

"I know your judgment too well."

I hurried back to the hotel and packed up, leaving a hurried note for her that I was going on the next train. When I came down, dress-suit case in hand, she was waiting for me.

"Don't be alarmed," I said. "I'm going back to town for a week or so—Timbal's advice."

She looked at me curiously. She did not understand. Timbal was coming up. Evidently he didn't want me to get an advantage.

"Yes, yes," I whispered hurriedly. Treat him well, you understand. My lawyer. He thinks——"

Timbal joined us. I appeared to tell him for the first time of my journey.

We said good-by and I got into the waiting stage.

Timbal had promised to let me know, so I waited eagerly for the second day. The morning's mail brought the following:

"I'm looking into her disposition. Appears to be good. TIMBAL."

This was Wednesday. On Thursday came:

"She appears to have good sense. Well educated. Talks well. Modest." TIMBAL."

Thursday:

"She's a fine girl. See nothing objectionable. TIMBAL."

Friday:

"Fishing has never been better here. So I am told. TIMBAL."

Saturday:

"Miserable weather to-day. Stayed in the hotel all day. TIMBAL."

Sunday:

"Send me a six-pound box of Huyler's by express. TIMBAL."

Monday:

"Tell boys in office I may stay another week. TIMBAL."

Tuesday (wire):

"Expect me at four o'clock. TIMBAL."

When he came in we shook hands.

"Well," I asked eagerly, "what's the verdict?"

He looked at me solemnly.

"She's all right," he said.

"Good disposition?"

"Fine."

"You got on well together, did you?"

"Splendidly—up to yesterday."

I began to be worried.

"You didn't have any falling out, did you?" I asked.

Timbal smiled mournfully.

"No," he said. "But I suppose I may as well tell you all. The fact is, that girl bewitched me. I didn't mean she should, of course. It seemed the worst kind of disloyalty to you, my boy. But I couldn't help it. I hadn't been there with her alone for two days before I was deeply smitten."

"And she," I asked eagerly, "did she encourage you? Tell me, quick."

"She did, and she didn't. She was as pleasant as could be—charming, in fact—but the moment I got to making love—I couldn't help that, you know—she looked so funny. Then yesterday she turned me down flat. But she's all right. Only"—he looked at me quizzically—"how long have you known her?"

"About two months. You say she is all right?" I repeated eagerly. "You approve?"

"Oh, yes. Two months you say. How in the world did you dare to take the chances of leaving me alone with her?"

I chuckled. It seemed too good to be true.

"My dear fellow," I explained, "I wanted your approval, you know. And, besides, I took the precaution of marrying her quietly a couple of weeks ago."

Chesterton Todd.



THE ORIGIN OF IRISH LACE.



"CAR AHEAD!"

The Suffragette's Handy Manual

AMAZON: The earliest example of the suffragette. Given to extreme décolleté effects in dress and to the use of the six-foot spear instead of the hat-pin; but reduced



"PARDON ME, MAY I TROUBLE YOU FOR A MATCH?"

man to his proper and natural state of abjectness.

Bailot: A long, white, emblem-stamped sheet of paper much desired by suffragettes for the purpose of—for the purpose of—er—let's see. Well, for a good purpose all right, anyhow. There!

Bribery: The act of securing votes by improper means. Furnishes another striking illustration of the reforms to be brought about when woman gets the suffrage. Under the man system, whiskey, jobs on the force and money are most frequently employed. When woman rules it will be "quips and cranks, and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Demonstration: A bargain-counter rush on the House of Commons or a State legislature by a body of suffragettes wielding hat-pins, pulling wigs, scratching and screaming "Votes for Women!" Demonstrations may be varied by throwing acid or exploding a bombshell.

Man: An insignificant, unreasonable, perverse anomaly, who accidentally got the start in the game of suffrage, but who is losing fast. Useful only for purposes of provision, protection and propagation.

Pants: The one suffrage test in America.

Polls: A bazaar where ballots may be obtained. Special for first Tuesday after first Monday in November. Only one to a customer. No trading stamps. No mail or telephone orders filled.

Suffragette: A Pankhurstian; a twentieth century bluestocking; a woman who knows her own mind and knows that she knows it. Now!

THE happy marriage is that where she takes care of his ills and he takes care of her bills.

• LIFE •

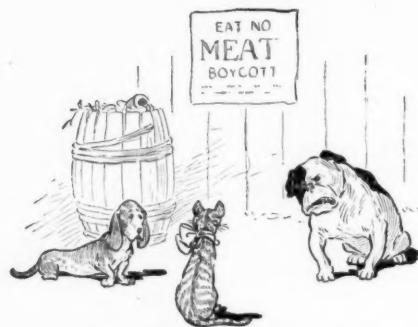


REVISED VERSION
FOR WOMEN MUST WORK AND MEN MUST WEEP

A Modern Instance

O H, judge not by appearances;
You won't, if you are wise;
And deem a man not most polite
rise
him
see
Because you

In crowded car to yield his seat
Unto a dame; no doubt
You'll find his only reason was
That he was
get-
ting
out!



Cat: I CAN'T SEE WHERE THE BOYCOTT WILL HURT US.

"PROBABLY YOU NEVER ATE ANY DOG BISCUITS"

The Family

S EE the family!
Ah, yes, it is, indeed, a large and happy family.

What is the family doing?

The family is talking together in considerable heat. It sounds much like quarreling.

What do they say?

They are calling each other names, and accusing each other of insincerity and other high crimes and misdemeanors.

Are the accusations true?

Oh, no, indeed.

Then why does the family do these things?

Because they love one another

What a beautiful idea! And does the family show its love for the outside world in the same way?

Oh, no, indeed. Outside the bosom of the family its members are very polite and gentle and circumspect and considerate and amiable.

The family would not dare to talk to any one else in the same way that they talk to each other. Other people simply would not submit to it.

It must be delightful to be surrounded by those you love.

Yes, it is a great relief when your temper chafes you and clamors for utterance.

Ellis O. Jones.

Take Your Choice

L AST week the stock market was weak:

Because Taft was expected to do something in regard to the railroads.

Because Roosevelt was reported to be preparing another article for the *Outlook*.

Because it was raided by the bears.

Because certain financial interests withheld their support.

Because stocks were too high.

Because of the report that a certain magnate was far from well.

Because of a revolution in South America.

Because a certain newspaper made a misprint in its financial column.

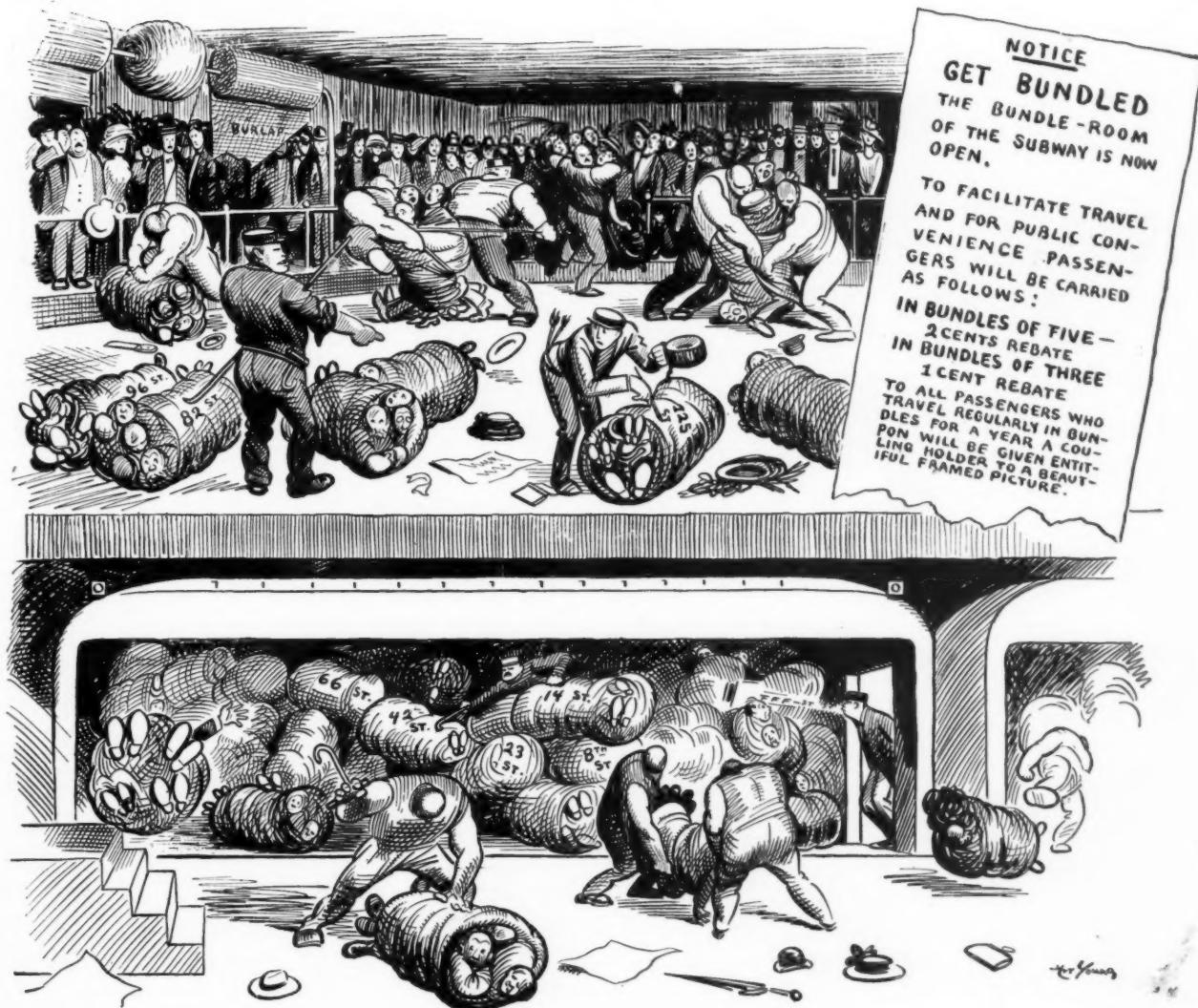
Because the weather was hot.

Make the job fit the man!—College President Finley in his baccalaureate.

A LL right, Dr. Finley; you fetch a job and get your scissors out. The Man's down at Oyster Bay.



THE MISSING ARMS, AS IMAGINED BY THE CHAMPION



A SUGGESTION TO STREET CAR COMPANIES

IT CAN'T BE WORSE THAN IT IS, AND THE ABOVE SCHEME, BESIDES OTHER ADVANTAGES, MAY INSURE PUTTING YOU OFF AT THE RIGHT STATION

Legalities

A LEGISLATOR is the only man who can tell whether or not a law ought to be passed.

An executive is the only man who can tell whether or not it ought to be enforced.

A judge is the only man who can tell whether or not it has been violated.

A lawyer is the only man who can tell how it may be violated with impunity.

A layman is one who cannot possibly know anything about a law without seeing a lawyer.

A criminal is one who would rather take chances than see a lawyer.

Alimony

ALIMONY is the tribute paid to modern society by its devotees. It is the "rake off" on a certain form of gambling demanded by one of the victims.

To most of the shows gotten up by professionals we pay the admission before entering; but in the marriage show we pay the price afterwards. Oftentimes this is in the form of alimony.

Alimony covers a multitude of scraps. The longer it is paid the harder it is to pay it.

To find out how much a man is worth take a point half way between what he tells his friends he is getting and what he tells the court. Divide this by one-third and this is about the amount of his alimony.

When woman reigns will she pay alimony for her mistakes?

Let us hope so.

IT is a poor trust that doesn't work both ends.

• L •



Animal Rug Heads

IF HOSTESSES will fill their rooms with THESE THINGS, OLD BE PREP



Rugin Heads

INGS, WOULD BE PREPARED TO HANDLE THE DISQUALIFIED GUESTS.

The New Oaken Bucket

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, A swagger estate on Long Island's south shore— The smooth-shaven lawns and the spick-and-span wildwood, The pheasants, the swans and the peacocks galore; The wide-spreading parkland, in perfect condition, The pools where an orderly cataract fell; The well-house—a dream, in the style that's called mission; The new oaken bucket that hung in the well— The mission-oak bucket, the silver-bound bucket, The gold-mounted bucket that hung in the well.

The cottage palatial, of seventeen gables, The boat-house, the launches, the steam yacht, the yawl, The tennis and squash courts, the greenhouse, the stables, The hounds and the hunters, I fondly recall. On each of these items of fond recollection I love, in the years of my manhood to dwell; And for one I confess an especial affection— The smart *de luxe* bucket that hung in the well— The quartered-oak bucket, the gold-mounted bucket, The Tiffany bucket that hung in the well.

Champagne is a mocker and strong drink is raging; Indulgence produces a feeling forlorn; And water, cold water, is best for assuaging The thirst that ensues on the subsequent morn. And now, when I wake with a case of "hot coppers," And fondle a head with a maximum swell, My fancy reverts to that palace of popper's, And sighs for that bucket that hung in the well— The silver-lined bucket, the gold-mounted bucket, The monogrammed bucket that hung in the well,

He Was the Real Thing

ADAPPER gentleman, arrayed in a becoming frock coat, who appeared to be in the prime of life, and who was timidly followed by a graceful figure in a gray traveling gown, approached the lordly clerk of one of our most prominent metropolitan hotels.

"May I register—may we register, sir?" he said, with a bright smile.

The clerk haughtily indicated the pen tray.

"Ah, yes. Thank you. We are on our wedding trip. Old-fashioned wedding trip—Yosemite, Niagara Falls and all that sort of thing—just as our fathers used to do. Can I have your bridal suite?"

The clerk tossed him a key.

"Ah, thanks. Nice city you have here. We are going out to see the sights. Regular old-fashioned time, you understand. No modern frills for us. I'll be back in time for supper."

He disappeared, and in about three hours once more walked up to the desk.

"Fine city," he ejaculated. "We have been through Chinatown on one of those delightful motor cars. Splendid trip. Wonderful race, those Orientals. And to think that we have the power to assimilate them! One of the wonders of the world, sir! Nice building you have here, also. And quite a lot of people. I am glad to be here with you, sir; glad to enjoy your hospitality. When you get through, come around and we'll have a quiet smoke together and talk it over. Did I leave my key?"

The clerk nonchalantly tossed him his key and turned to another man. The bridegroom disappeared.

He came back at the end of an hour and said:

"I cannot tell you, sir, how your city impresses me. Wonderful railroad stations you have. Can you recommend a good, rollicking show? Like to have you join us. No false modesty. My wife will understand. We are out for a good time, and long for society. I tell you, sir, nothing like love to make things go round. Old-fashioned love, sir, is the thing. Splendid accommodations you—"

The clerk, albeit a New York variety, was moved, and his curiosity got the better of him. Leaning over with an amused smile, he said:

"Would you mind telling me where you are from?"

"Certainly not, sir. Delighted. I am so good-humored I could talk for hours. I am from New York."

"New York?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I said. Little old New York, with its Great White Way, that I have read about for so many years, its bustle and charm, its marvelous restaurants, its delightful caravansaries, its—"

"You say that you are from New York—right *here?*"

"Right here, sir; here with my blushing bride; old-fashioned, eh, but true blue. Nothing like the old—"

The clerk twirled his mustache nervously. He didn't understand. He leaned over a little farther.

"Might I ask where you have been living all these years?" he asked.

"Certainly not. Charmed to answer any questions. I am in the happiest mood I ever was in. I live right around the



A CUSTOM HOUSE STICKLER

"TAKE HIM TO THE APPRAISER'S OFFICE. HE DID NOT DECLARE THIS POROUS PLASTER 'MADE IN GERMANY'!"



ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES:—

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

corner, sir. Own half the block running up to Fifth Avenue. Came near taking on this little hotel of yours, but fell in love by chance and lost interest in my business. Then came the wedding and this little trip. Ah, perfectly delightful, sir, per—”

The clerk leaned over just a little more.

“Excuse me, sir, but would you mind,” he asked, “telling me what you have been doing with yourself all these years, to be so—so—well, so far behind?”

The bridegroom smiled.

“Well, you see, it’s this way,” he replied. “I am a New York real estate dealer. My father lived on a farm here fifty years ago, and I have been so busy trading ever since that this is the first opportunity I have had to wake up and fall in love and get married and see the sights.”

Improvement

WE seem to improve in some things. The report on railroad fatalities and accidents for the year ending June 30, 1909, is said to be an extraordinary improvement on recent previous reports, and especially an improvement on the report for 1907. It will be recalled that in that year or thereabout the railroads were overworked and had to hire too many green hands.

If railroad fatalities and injuries are decreasing the next thing we may hear is that homicide and divorce are falling off. The law of heredity should operate against both of these latter practices. Divorce seems more or less unfavorable to the transmission of traits to progeny—though not so much so as it might be—and homicidal propensities are prejudicial to the raising of families except in some parts of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Hope Deferred

HOPE springs eternal in the patient husband’s breast, Wife always is to be but never is quite dressed.

The Mails

WHEN does a crime become punishable? When it is committed by mail. The mail is the most sacred thing known to the United States Government except itself. Nothing but treason surpasses in egregiousness the misuse of the mails. So far as the Federal authorities are concerned, one may steal, gamble and murder so long as it is not done by correspondence. Do ye whatsoever ye will, one unto another, but do not write it down and stick a stamp on the upper right-hand corner, for, if ye do, then, in truth, will all the demons of justice be unloosed upon your trail.



“I’M SO GLAD YOU CAME THIS WAY, DOCTOR CHURCH-MOUSE.
MISS LILY AND I HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE THE PLUNGE.”

Historic Fun

The Literary Lady

What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
Whom maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A lettered gossip and a household wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner and muse.
Round her strewed room a frippery chaos lies,
A checkered wreck of notable and wise;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet and obscure the glass;
Unfinished, here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
There, new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
There, dormant patterns pine for future gauze.
A moral essay now is all her care,
A satire next, and then a bill of fare.
A scene she now projects, and now a dish;
Here Act the First, and here Remove the Fish.
Now, while this eye in a fine frenzy rolls,
That soberly casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears and threads and bowls and thimbles mix.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Miss Albina McLush

N. P. WILLIS.

I have a passion for fat women. If there is anything I hate in life it is what dainty people call a spirituelle. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, volatile tone—in short, a lively girl—is my exquisite horror! I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them and romped with them in the country, and periled the salvation of my "white tights" by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no—hang me if I ever show another small, lively, spry woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz: "Her heart is full of passion and her eyes are full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, as early as his sophomore year, was chosen president of the Dolce Far Niente Society—no member of which was ever known to be surprised at anything—the college law of rising before breakfast excepted). Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, and as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the D—l's name he got there! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me, with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure—it would be so troublesome to relate it to everybody! I loved her from that moment. Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a fleshy

one exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained and transparent; her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid and sleepy—they languished beneath their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat usually upon a fauteuil, with her large, full arm imbedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure in a sitting posture presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small, round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her whole fingers from her handkerchief before he set it down in her lap. As it began to slide slowly towards her, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids gradually till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small, plump feet melt to the ground like snowflakes, and her figure sways



From a seventeenth century drawing representing a discussion between a Projector (or promoter) and a Patentee, a world-wide subject for contention.

"On a broad side, entitled as above, is a woodcut, which has a pig's face, a fox's ears, screws for legs and fish hooks for fingers, bears a measure of coal and a barrel of wine on his legs respectively."

—Cat. of 'Prints and Drawings,' British Museum.



THE DRAWING-ROOM

(A stoppage of a few minutes is supposed to take place)
Dreadful boy (on lamp-post) : "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSEBUD!"

—One of John Leech's Famous Pictures in "Punch."

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "How are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as the sound of wind on an Æolian, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin foulard. I took it up and pressed the cool, soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. Delicious creature, she was asleep!

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony—unless, indeed, she would sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, if there should come a war or an earthquake or if the millennium should commence, as is expected in 18—, or if anything happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration, abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which he warrants may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

Perverted Taste

A lady who had been expressing her love for children turned to Lamb and said: "And how do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" "B— b— boiled, ma'am," was the instantaneous answer.

to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening, just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the Common. A gentleman, with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him, with a yawn of desperate ennui, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders; and as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in—I who never before could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of women but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I knocked under. Albina McLush! Thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out forever.

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.



"HOW'S THIS, I BUY YOUR NEWSPAPER AND DON'T FIND ANY OF TO-DAY'S NEWS IN IT."

"M'SIEU, TO-DAY'S NEWS WAS IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER!"

—From "Daumier and Garvani." International Studio Special Extra Number. John Lane Company.

Yankee Notions

There was in my regiment during the war—I was a chaplain—a certain corporal, a gay-hearted fellow and a good soldier, of whom I was very fond—with whom on occasion of his recovery from a dangerous sickness I felt it my duty to have a serious pastoral talk; and while he convalesced I watched for an opportunity for it. As I sat one day on the side of his bed in the hospital tent chatting with him he asked me what the campaign, when by and by spring opened, was going to be. I told him that I didn't know. "Well," said he, "I suppose that General McClellan knows all about it." (This was away back in 1861, not long after we went to the field.) I answered "General McClellan has his plans, of course, but he doesn't know. Things may not run as he expects." "But," said the corporal, "President Lincoln knows, doesn't he?" "No," I said, "he doesn't know either. He has his ideas, but he can't see ahead any more than General McClellan can." "Dear me," said the corporal, "it would be a great comfort if there was somebody that did know about things"—and I saw my chance. "True, corporal," I observed, "that's a very natural feeling; and the blessed fact is there is One who does know everything; both past and future, about you and me, and about this army; who knows when we are going to move, and where to, and what's going to happen; knows the whole thing." "Oh!" says the corporal, "you mean old Scott!" (Laughter.)

—By Joseph Hopkins Twichell.

Table-talk

What is an Irishman but a mere machine for converting potatoes into human nature?—"Humor of Ireland."

Tired Out

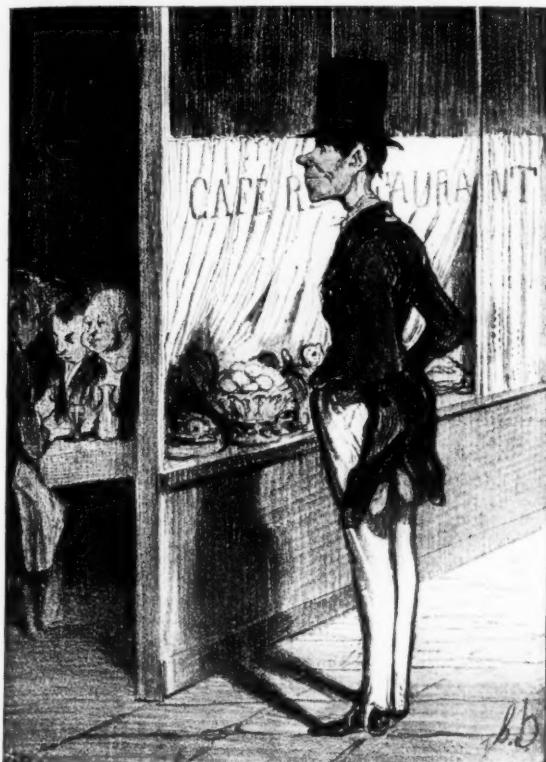
Lamb said of an eccentric person: "Why does not his guardian angel look after him? He deserves one. Maybe he has tired him out."

Sir Isaac Newton's Courtship

Sir Isaac, we are told, was once persuaded by his friends to entertain some thoughts of marriage, and a suitable young lady was selected by them.

Though considerably engaged with celestial bodies at the time, he liked the terrestrial luminary very well, but in the honest way of courtship he informed the girl that he had many odd habits.

Complaisant and good-natured, as most young ladies are under the circumstances, the fair one promised to be indulgent; and so pleased was Sir Isaac with her kind-heartedness that he resorted to his favorite pipe immediately. Enjoying it whiff after whiff, he entered into conversation with his sweet partner, held her hand in his, squeezing it occasionally as a lover ought. At length he sank into one of his abstracted reveries, and whether he was thinking of the apple and its fall, of squaring the circle, or of what else, never has been determined, but his pipe becoming dull he, in the absence of his mind, unwittingly raised the yielding damsel's hand towards it and used her little finger as a tobacco-stopper. Her screams aroused him, and looking innocently in her face, the philosopher exclaimed: "Ah, my dear madam, I beg your pardon! I see it won't do! I see, I see, that I am doomed to remain a bachelor."



"J'AI TROIS SOUS!"

("I have three pence.")

—From "Daumier and Garvani." International Studio Special Extra Number. John Lane Company.

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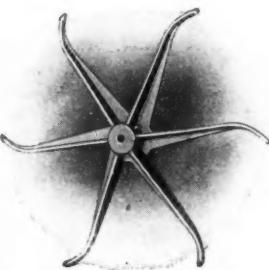
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This Oddly Shaped Fan

Making thousands of revolutions per minute, creates an absolutely even, strong suction of more volume and velocity at the cleaning tool than any other device practical for a portable vacuum cleaner.

Scientifically designed fans have wonderful power;



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Sturtevant VACUUM CLEANER

Evenness: A vital advantage of fan-made suction over that of a pump, bellows or diaphragm cleaner is the continuous instead of an intermittent flow of air. This avoids jerking the threads of fine fabrics or leaving streaks when the cleaning tool is moving rapidly.

Durability: A revolving fan has little wear and tear and cannot leak, while a pump, bellows or diaphragm is wrenching and ground by every plunge and must lose efficiency on account of leakage. Sturtevant fans, installed over thirty years, in the hardest kind of service and still doing good work, testify to their durability.

Details of Construction of the Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner

The cleaner consists of the machine, 12-foot hose, an unusually complete outfit of tools for cleaning, 20 feet electric lamp cord and plug, and is operated from an electric light socket. The motor is the same high grade as all our work, absolutely guaranteed. The fan is one piece of aluminum, which, because of strength and lightness, is better than any other material.

By using 1-inch hose (most cleaners use $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch hose) greater volume and velocity of air are secured at the tool, enabling it to pick up larger particles, and clean at greater distances from the tool than is possible with other cleaners. The cleaner is easily rolled about on three rubber-tired wheels.

Very handsome, finished in aluminum, occupies a space less than two feet square. Weight, 65 lbs.

There is nothing about the machine to get out of order. So simple that a child can operate it, and so soundly made that it will last for years. There is practically nothing about it to break or wear out. The dust receptacle will hold gatherings of months and yet is easily emptied.

We make only one style of cleaner for household use, as our tests show that it is the smallest machine that is practical and durable, and we do not care to manufacture a cleaner that is a toy or which will go to pieces or fail to do satisfactory work.

Adaptability: The Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner keeps rooms clean to a degree that sweeping, dusting and scrubbing never can, and it does all this with practically no labor whatever; it meets the requirements of large or small homes and also gives perfect satisfaction in hotels, theatres and public institutions; in fact, it is the only small, compact machine which will run continually without getting out of order and do the same satisfactory work as the larger systems. Can be used with any length of electric cord.

Write for Illustrated Booklet No. 28 to

B. F. STURTEVANT CO., General Office Hyde Park, Mass.

Machines can be seen at:

BRANCH OFFICES: 50 Church St., N. Y. City; 135 N. 3rd St., Phila.; 329 W. 3d St., Cincinnati. 300 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 520 Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg; 1006 Washington Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 34 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 423 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1108 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 326 Hennen Bldg., New Orleans; 319 Connecticut Mutual Bldg., Hartford.

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for instance, our fans ventilate mines, raise wheat from ships, drive chopped corn stalks into silos, convey kindling wood, and exhaust dust and refuse from carpet cleaning plants and other dusty factories.

Sturtevant engineers have experimented three years to design the most efficient combination of fan, motor and dust collector for household vacuum cleaning, and this set is the result—it draws through an inch hose nearly 100,000 cubic inches of air per minute—a force that withdraws dust and dirt with a thoroughness that gives this cleaner a unique sanitary value.

Reliability: Our fans, driven by our electric motors, make possible the high speed of U. S. battleships, and they must be as trustworthy as engine or propeller. Our forced draft fans in battleships are no more carefully made than those in our vacuum cleaners.

Efficiency: This fan looks very simple, but every inch of it—in curvature, in weight of metal, in breadth and taper of blade—is the result of exhaustive tests. Fan suction is ideal for vacuum cleaning, and this is the first perfect application of that principle.

Guarantee: In judging vacuum cleaners, remember that this is made and absolutely guaranteed by the firm that for 50 years has designed and marketed more high-grade air-propelling fans than all other concerns in the world combined.

PRICE:

\$130

Delivered anywhere
in
United States.



Bill Nye on Cyclones

I desire to state that my position as United States Cyclonist for the judicial district became vacant on the 9th day of September, A. D., 1884.

I have not the necessary personal magnetism to look a cyclone in the eye and make it quail. I am stern and even haughty in my intercourse with men, but when a Manitoba Simumon takes me by the brow of my pantaloons and throws me across Township 28, Range 18, west of the fifth principal meridian, I lose my mental reserve and become anxious and even taciturn. For years I have yearned to see a grown-up cyclone of the ring-tail puller variety mop up the green earth with huge forest trees and make the landscape look tired. On the 9th day of September, A. D., 1884, my morbid curiosity was gratified.

As the people came out into the forest with lanterns and pulled me out of the crotch of a basswood tree with a "tackle and fall," I remember I told them I didn't yearn for any more atmospheric phenomena.

The old desire for a hurricane that could blow a cow through a penitentiary was satiated. I remember when the doctor pried the bones of my leg together in order to kind of draw my attention away from the limb, he asked me how I liked the fall style of zephyr in that locality. I said it was all right, what there was of it. I said this in a tone of bitter irony.

Cyclones are of two kinds—viz., the dark maroon cyclone and the iron-gray cyclone, with pale green mane and tail. It was the latter kind I frolicked with on the above-named date.

My brother and I were riding along in the grand old forest, and I had just been singing a few bars from the opera of "Whoop 'Em Up, Lizzie Jane," when I noticed that the wind was beginning to sough through the trees. Soon after that I noticed that I was soughing through the trees also, and I am really no slouch of a southerner, either, when I get started.

The horse was hanging by the breeching from the bough of a large butternut tree waiting for some one to come and pick him.

I did not see my brother first, but after a while he disengaged himself from a rail fence and came where I was hanging, wrong end up, with my personal effects spilling out of my pockets. I told him that as soon as the wind kind of softened down I wish he would go and pick the horse. He did so, and at midnight a party of friends carried me into town on a stretcher. It was quite an ovation. To think of a torch-light procession coming way out there into the woods at midnight, and carrying me into town on their shoulders in triumph! And yet I was once a poor boy!

It shows what may be accomplished by any one if he will persevere and insist on living a different life.

The cyclone is a natural phenomenon, enjoying the most robust health. It may be a pleasure for a man with great will-power and an iron constitution to study more carefully into the habits of the cyclone, but as far as I am concerned, individually, I could worry along some way if we didn't have a phenomenon in the house from one year's end to another.

As I sit here, with my leg in a silicate of soda corset and watch the merry throng promenading down the street, or mingling in the giddy torch-light procession, I cannot repress a feeling toward a cyclone that almost amounts to disgust.

"No Offense i' the World"

Just after the appearance of Moore's "Lalla Rookh," one of the guests at Holland House began a warm eulogy of the poem, exclaiming: "Upon my soul, I must say (though Moore is present) that it's the prettiest thing I ever read in my life!" "Why, so it is," said Lord Holland, "but why do you speak as if you were afraid Moore would not agree with you?"



THE ABSOLUTE RIGHTS OF INDIVIDUALS AS EXPERIENCED BY THE LITIGANT.

A cartoon by Harry Furness, being one of the illustrations in the "Comic Blackstone," by Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett.

Secure Possession

Talking of happiness at Holland House, Lord Holland said it depended upon the natural disposition of the person. "There's Moore," he said, "you couldn't make him miserable, even by inflicting a dukedom on him."

Resourcefulness of the Wheelbarrow

If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off him, and he commences to evolute anew and bump himself on fresh places.

A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles and is sitting down on something.

A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.—J. M. Bailey.

Rhymed Reviews

Fortune

(By J. C. Snaith. Moffat, Yard & Co.)

A very paragon of books!
It speaks of swords, of battle rages
And kings, with never one "Gad-zooks!"
And few "Odds bloods!" in all its pages.

The hero proves as fine a scamp
As ere drew blade or quaffed a flagon,
That boastful, gay, fantastic tramp
Of royal blood, Sir Dick Pendragon.

Each day he kills a man or so,
To raise an appetite for dinner.
A swordsman?—Rostand's "Cyrano"
To him's a crude, untaught beginner.

He rides to serve with jaunty zeal,
The Countess Sylvia, brave as pretty;
For John, High Prince of proud Castile,
Attacks the lady's helpless city.

But when the night is still and black,
Sir Dick, who never lacks resources,
Procures a nice, capacious sack,
Abducts the Prince and routs his forces.

Then pretty Countess Sylvia, quick
To rise to every great occasion,
Designs to marry bold Sir Dick
And slay the Prince for base invasion.

But whimsical Sir Richard, since
His only love is wild Unreason,
Betroths the Countess to the Prince,
In playful punishment for treason.

Among the gentle homicides,
Who ruffle, swagger, get a jag on,
And, laughing, take what Fate provides,
Commend me, pray, to Dick Pendragon.

Arthur Guiterman.



An Invitation To Experienced Motorists Everywhere to Ride in a 42-Inch-Wheel Owen

The 42-inch-wheel Owen rides comfortably over roads that the ordinary cars find impassable.

The Owen is being sent to the principal cities to demonstrate to experienced drivers, over the roughest roads, the 42-inch wheel, the left-hand drive and other features of The Owen that make touring in it a real comfort.

We invite you to ride with us on this demonstration. From all sections we have received word from presidents of corporations, from bankers and others owning cars that cost from \$3,000 up, that they want to ride in this two-years-ahead-of-the-times car.

The picture above shows a 42-inch-wheel Owen as it would look coming over the top of a hill. The camera, of course, has distorted it somewhat, but it shows the double-drop frame and big wheels—prominent Owen features.

The 42-inch wheels on The Owen make the car glide over the roughest, ruttiest roads. It will maintain a good speed on dirt roads where the mud is so deep that other cars cannot travel there.

The left-hand drive, in addition to its many advantages for city traffic, is appreciated by all who know the dangers of passing cars on narrow roadways in the country. By sitting on the left side the driver knows how close he can drive to passing cars.

The Owen car is built for touring comfort. The wheels and underhung spring arrangement make it a flexible, easy gliding car that enables the passengers to ride in it without fatigue.

The center of gravity is low—the body of the car hanging closer to the ground than that of the average touring car of even 34-inch wheels.

The Owen is staunchly built. It has a motor of power and endurance. The stroke is 6 inches, which gives flexibility and enables you to drive on the high from two to sixty miles an hour by merely advancing the throttle. This without slipping the clutch.

The Owen will soon be in your town and we wish you would ride in it. Go over roads that have proved too much for the cars you know. You will then appreciate wherein The Owen is two years ahead of the times.

The 42-inch wheels, the left-hand drive, long-stroke motor, as well as many other features now distinctively exclusive with The Owen, will, in two years, be standard with many of the best cars.

Send us your name and address now so we can arrange to take care of you when the car reaches your locality. From some sections we have received so many inquiries that it will be impossible to take care of all.

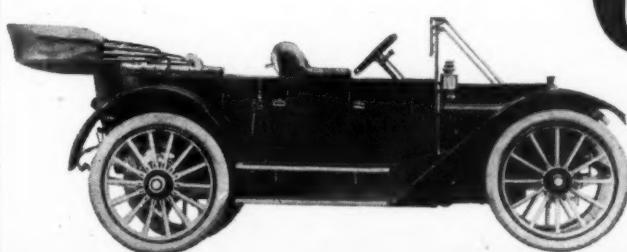
The Owen is sold fully equipped with top, folding wind shield, speedometer, clock, electric lamps, gas tank, electric horn, luggage rack and other refinements and equipments needed for touring, such as tire chains and extra inner tube—all except the license tag. The price is \$4,000.

The Two-Years-Ahead

"Owen"

Owen Motor Car Co.

1612 E. Grand Boulevard
Detroit, Michigan





A Prediction

Has Woman since Time's earliest spring
E'er set her heart upon a thing

She never got?
I reckon not!

And though just now man will not let
Her have her way—well, you can bet
He'll have to give the suffragette

The suffrage yet.

—Boston Transcript.

Light on the Kitten Question

Two small boys were discussing the arrival of a baby sister and also some little kittens. Paul (aged four) said to Robert (aged six): "Where do you suppose these kittens came from? Did the stork bring them just like he did baby sister?"

Robert answered in disgust: "Of course not, goosie, storks couldn't bring kittens—God made them. He said, 'Let there be kittens,' and there was kittens."

—Ladies' Home Journal.



BASEBALL TERM
A WILD PITCH

Only After the Fall

UPSON: Do you have to be examined by a physician before joining the Aviators' Club?

DOWNING: No; not until after you have made your first flight.—Chicago News.

Degrees for Brides

A curriculum of household management for married women was advocated by Mrs. St. Loe Strachey in a discussion upon a "University Standard in Home Science" at the Women's Congress at the White City on June 8. We are left in the dark as to the syllabus, and as to whether the fair aspirant for matrimonial honors will try it on the dog or a dummy husband. Should degrees be conferred on successful candidates, we hasten to enter a *caveat* against some familiar initials obtaining the following acceptation:

B.A. = Blatantly Argumentative.

M.A. = Moderately Affectionate.

B.C. = Barely Connubial.

Sc.D. = Scarifier of Domestics.

Litt.D. = Litter Distributor.

LL.B. = Loves Lots of Bridge.

Mus.D. = Musically Defective.

—Punch.

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"Both Marched with Drooping Heads"

Dr. Thorne's Idea

By
J. A. Mitchell

Author of THE LAST AMERICAN, AMOS JUDD,
THE PINES OF LORY, Etc., Etc.

One Dollar, Net

Like R. L. S.'s world, "Dr. Thorne's Idea" (George H. Doran & Co., \$1) is quite "full of a number of things." There are criminals and their crimes and their victims, and a very human and humanly wise minister, and a bishop, whose legs, like those of Sir Willoughby Paterne, are entirely in character, and a circus, both before and behind the scenes, and a boy with honest eyes and a criminal heredity and a loyal-souled little girl with a dissipated doll and a ring that—but there are too many to name them all, and, besides, a mere list can give no idea with what interest the author, John Ames Mitchell, has clothed all of them. More than most novels, it has individuality in the manner of the telling.—N. Y. Times.

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Conforms to contour of leg perfectly.

No metal touches the flesh.

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THE OBSTINATE JUROR.

AS HE SEEMS TO THE OTHER ELEVEN

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Contingency

"The early bird will get the worm";
Of that there is no question;
But if the worm should chance to turn
He'd get the indigestion.

—Lippincott's.

Considerate

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner): If you were there for no dishonest purposes why were you in your stocking feet?

PRISONER: I 'eard there was sickness in the family.—Punch.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Feminine Curiosity

Her husband was a merchant, and one day while down town she dropped into his office.

"What are all those books on top of the safe?" she asked.

"Those are the day books, my dear," he replied.

"And where are the night books?" she queried.

"Night books!" he echoed in surprise.

"Yes," she rejoined. "Those you have to work over at night sometimes, when you are kept here until two o'clock in the morning."—Chicago News.

Boarding-House Strategy

The young husband preferred to stay home, but to please his wife they engaged board at a country hotel for the summer. Nearly every night after dinner the husband hovered around the parlor and managed to occupy the piano stool instead of a chair.

"I don't understand, dear," said his wife one evening, "Why you always sit

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"Most Bridge scores are not worth Adam,
If contented you'd be,
Buy a 'Rad-Bridge' like me;
They class me as expert—I am."

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at the piano. You know you can't play a note!"

"Aha!" replied the husband. "Neither can anyone else, my love, while I am here!"—Wasp.

Poor Thompson

Henry James, the noted novelist, does not agree with Colonel Roosevelt on the question of large families. Small families, such as prevail in France, indicate to Mr. James's mind intelligence and progress, while large families indicate the reverse.

"Large families are so embarrassing, too," said Mr. James, on his last American visit. "I once knew a man named Thompson who had fourteen children. Thompson agreed, one spring holiday, to take his children to the seashore for the week-end.

"They set off, reached the station, got their tickets and were about to board the

Lighted from the stump of another

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten
AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes

train, when Thompson was roughly collared by a policeman.

"Here, wot 'a' you bin a-doin' of?" the policeman growled fiercely.

"Me? Nothing. Why?" stammered poor Thompson.

The policeman waved his truncheon toward the Thompson family.

"Then wot the bloody blazes," he hissed, "is this here crowd a-follerin' ye fur?"—New York Tribune.

Vice Versa

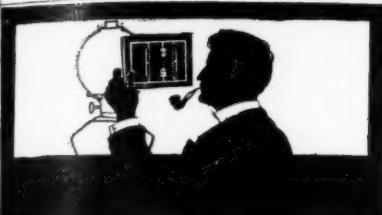
Many a charming actress is a charming wife, and many a charming wife is a charming actress.—Lippincott's.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"

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estate in the
exclusive tree
other malignant
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North Adams, Massachusetts

The Literary Zoo.

Not of the Leisure Class

The summer breezes blow about Beech Hill, but no primroses line the path that leads from Pleasantville Station to the abode of Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon.

"Hello! Six-eight Briarcliff. Is Mrs. Bacon at home? Hello, Central. Is six-eight Briarcliff always busy?"

"No, but Mrs. Bacon is."

"Another anonymous novel?"

"I'll see. . . . No, Mrs. Bacon is out in the dairy, or in the garden. Wait a moment, and I'll call up the stable. Mrs. Bacon said she was going out to take a look at the pigs, but she had to sit up all night with the strawberries, and really she gets very little sleep, but perhaps she is up in the nursery—just wait a moment, please, and I'll see."

"Yes, this is Mrs. Bacon."

"Mrs. Bacon, LIFE would like to know where you intend to spend your vacation."

"It is very thoughtful of LIFE. But do the working classes really take vacations? I'm not a clergyman, or a school teacher, or a clerk, you know."

"Still, we thought, as this is July, and—"

"July, did you say? Why, so it is. Now that you speak of it, some of our neighbors made a great noise—it must have been the Fourth. But, you know, when one is busy with two professions and a house and garden, and horses and cows and pigs, one season appears very like another. It is very good of you, though. Yes, when the corn is laid by I may take a trolley trip to New York to see my publisher. One must relax sometimes, I suppose. It really does one good. Good-by!"

The Real William Allen White

Did you ever form a mental picture of some celebrity you had never met, and then come up with a rude shock

(Continued on page 82)



**"Good Morning.
Have You Used
Pears' Soap?"**

Especially after Exercise,
it makes a bath of delight
—it is exhilarating, healthy,
satisfying and "matchless
for the complexion."

It is the most exquisite
of all soaps for the skin,
being not only the best
known cleansing agent, but
a Soap which also possesses
the exact emollient proper-
ties necessary for the main-
taining of the skin in the
condition of perfect health
and functional activity.



Nurses Outfitting Association



The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 81)

when you really saw the man? Did you ever draw a picture of his daily life from newspaper accounts of "our own correspondent," and then learn the truth from his own lips? Well, that is what has happened to us. In fancy we have seen William Allen White scouring the Kansas plains in his touring car, catching express trains for week-ends at the Waldorf-Astoria, roaming at intervals in Europe, writing best-sellers in moments of leisure, dropping in at Columbia to get a degree—off again for Emporia to quicken the circulation of the *Gazette*. But June—so the almanac says—ushered in vacation days, and so we wired Mr. White asking him what he was going to do about it. Look upon this picture and on this. "I have no plans," Mr. White assures us, "other than to come down to the *Gazette* office about 8.30, work through to 5.00 o'clock, or half past, go out home, eat dinner, hitch up the old horse to the surrey, load in the family and drive around from half past six until dark, go to bed at 9 or 9.30, get up at dew time, go down to the office again. My work includes writing editorials, locals, pay-locales, helping out with the telegraph, making some advertising contracts, dabbling in politics, introducing notable people at the Chautauqua, passing the hat for the good roads movement, doing the ornamental act, and making myself generally obnoxious to my fellow citizens and friends. I trust this will give you a correct idea of my summer vacation."

It does; and now that we come to think of it, where could a man go fishing in Kansas?

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FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
in Fashionable and Healthy Locality.
Reduced Inclusive Terms
during August and September.

Owen Wister "Out West"

After an unusually protracted stay in his home town, Philadelphia, Owen Wister has once more hit the trail for what remains of the real West. Every literary cow-puncher, in common with all tenderfeet who enjoy a short tale by a born story-teller, will expectantly await the result. Arizona and Wyoming—and California, casually—have already sat for their portraits for this artist, whose touch is always so sure

and fine. Texas is his new field of study. It is many years since the great herds headed north along the old Chisholm trail. It is more years since the day when cavalry trooper meeting cavalry trooper would inquire, "Have you lost any Indians?" But historical Texas still awaits the literary chronicler with imagination, and sympathy, and style. Contemporary Texas, too, though it wears a brave shirt-front is

(Continued on page 83)

AINSLEE'S —FOR AUGUST

"The Magazine That Entertains"

MID SUMMER NUMBER

When the August number of AINSLEE'S reaches you it is possible that you will be in the midst of your vacation. At such a time everybody wants, among other diversions, some good, entertaining fiction, and this is exactly what the August number of AINSLEE'S will contain. ¶ The chief feature of the magazine will be, as usual, the complete novel, and

"BRAND'S DAUGHTER"

is just the sort of a story for a holiday. HARRY S. STABLER is the author and he has written a love story, fresh, bright, with a distinct plot full of exciting incident. The second installment of "THE GOLDEN WEB," by

ANTHONY PARTRIDGE

will be the second item of importance in the table of contents. You already know something of the merits of this story. ¶ The short stories—there are twelve of them—really ought not to be considered as subordinate to the complete novel and the serial. We don't want to say that a round dozen of stories as good as these never have been printed in one magazine, but we are anxious to know if our readers can recall a collection equal to them.

H. F. P. BATTERSBY is the author of one of them, "An Affair of Honor." : : : : : : : : :

MRS. WILSON WOODROW will contribute another, "Emily the Prodigal." : : : : : : : :

J. W. MARSHALL will have one of the funniest he has ever written, "The Runaway Club." : : : :

JANE W. GUTHRIE will have one of her best bridge stories, "Hearts Upon the Table." : : :

ANNIE AUSTIN FLINT, ELLIOTT FLOWER, E. M. JAMESON and ADELE LUEHRMAN will contribute the other four.

CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK's "Slaves to Tradition" is one of his best. : : : : : : : :

OWEN OLIVER'S "The Honor of the Ashcrieffs," is full of pathos.

FANNIE HEASLIP LEA has a charming bit of romance, "Constant Never." : : : : :

LEONARD MERRICK'S story, "The Reconciliation," is equal to the best of "Whispers About Women." : : : : : :

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DEAR LIFE:

Thank you for your good wishes, which I gladly accept even for the seventh of June, in spite of the fact that I was born on the first of June. You say that you do not understand me, and I understand that well, but I confess frankly that in my capacity as an M.D. I sometimes do not understand you either—you understand!

But on the whole I think we understand each other quite well, and when you said the other day that my *Eternal Values* were the best piece of philosophy in recent years I concluded that you understood even remarkably well. I see that my publisher has even taken your indorsement into his advertisements, and some people seem surprised that metaphysics needs the indorsement of a comic paper. They think that it is comic; I think that it is philosophical. True humor and true philosophy are nearly related. In every good joke there is a ray of philosophy, and a philosopher is lost if he does not subscribe to LIFE.

Cordially yours,
HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 1, 1910.

A Physician's Advice

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Why not stop your foolish and useless fight against vivisection and put up a strong protest against some real evil. Take as a good example "the public drinking cup." What one thing tends more to spread dread diseases among the innocent than this?

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 82)

the towns, and derides the old-time geographer's description of the Staked Plains, still harbors "the men who can ride and shoot." Mr. Roosevelt, we believe, is planning to invade it with literary intent. Lucky, is it not, that the author of "Lin McLean" has crossed the Rio Grande ere the Alamo is retaken?

Mr. Howells Works En Route

William Dean Howells, with his daughter, has sailed for England, and expects to remain abroad until the fall. Mr. Howells once expressed the opinion that if professional writers knew what was best for them they would go to Europe for a time each summer. The advice has not been followed by all of them, yet we have mentioned it to no author who did not enthusiastically approve of the suggestion. To less industrious authors the ocean voyage affords an especial opportunity for relaxation. To Mr. Howells—a good sailor—it means chiefly a change of workshop. He engaged an extra stateroom in which to pursue his literary labors, and any idling he may permit himself will be an indulgence taken somewhat later.

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Avoid Substitutes

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Club Cocktails

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Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. Hartford New York London

A thoughtless parent gives a child water from a drinking cup used by anybody and everybody. A short time later a sore appears on the child's lips. The family physician is called in. Horror of horrors, the child has contracted a virulent disease!!! How seldom is the blame laid where it belongs—on the *careless parent*?

I wish I had the time to tell of some of the actual occurrences that have come under my observation. However, this should be a hint to you who have more time for writing than I. Let me beg of you to urge every reader

(Continued on page 85)



Dyspeptic's Number *of* LIFE

Out Next Week

Do you have a dizzy feeling when riding in a balloon? Have you noticed a pain in the stomach when paying your bill at the St. Regis? Is your heart irregular when climbing the Alps? Do you see double when crossing the Hoboken Ferry? Are you a good sleeper in Brooklyn and Philadelphia? Do you ever have a lump in your throat, and a distressed feeling in the cardiac region, when proposing to a strange blonde in the corridor of a Summer resort?

If so, get the next number of LIFE and take some of it after each meal for one or two days.

Immediate relief will follow.

Your friends will call you bright eyes. A healthy natural color will come back to your cheeks. You will be able to sit in the seat of a New York theatre for two hours without locomotor ataxia. All nature will smile and everything be lovely.

Then

all you need to do is to repeat the dose every week for fifty-one weeks more, by becoming a regular subscriber.

Let us make you over.

Lead the Five Dollar Life.

Or

if you think you are taking too many chances with five dollars, send in one dollar for a three months' subscription. (Canadian \$1.13; Foreign \$1.26. Open only to new subscribers. No subscriptions renewed at this rate. *This offer is net.*)

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**Great
Midsummer
Number** August 4

**Nautical
Number** August 18



**Hell
Number**

is on its burning way. It will reek with brimstone and sulphur.

A complete Guide to the infernal regions.

There
is
Beauty

MILK

Keeps the skin
summer tan
Milkweed Crème
of Milkweed
and smarting
Milkweed Cream
distinct therapy
soothing and
healing with the finger
skin. In a short
time becomes
complexion.

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LIFE.



MILKWEED CREAM

Keeps the skin soft, smooth and velvety, so that healthy summer tan only adds to the natural attractiveness of a Milkweed Cream Complexion. The peculiar properties of Milkweed Cream keep freckles away, relieve soreness and smarting due to sunburn.

Milkweed Cream is a smooth emollient, possessing decided and distinct therapeutic properties. Therefore, excessive rubbing and sealing are unnecessary. Just apply a little, night and morning, with the finger tips, rubbing it gently until it is absorbed by the skin. In a short time blemishes yield to such treatment and the skin becomes clear and healthy; the result—a fresh and brilliant complexion.

To prove to you the advisability of always having Milkweed Cream on your dressing-table, we shall be glad to send a sample free, if you write us.

F. INGRAM CO., 38 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Improves Bad Complexions—Preserves Good Complexions

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 83)

of your magazine to make of herself or himself a self-appointed health officer to stamp out this dreadful evil, "the public drinking cup."

Yours very truly,
J. E. KNIGHT.

June 20, 1910.

The Original and Genuine Chartreuse

has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as



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The Other Course

DEAR LIFE:

May I be permitted a word in reference to Miss Fisher's recent letter asking you to suggest a substitute for the widely used but unsatisfactory Pasteur treatment? I think, by the way, that she is mistaken in assuming that the enforcing of a muzzling ordinance would prevent hydrophobia.

The truth is, that in England, where it is supposed to have worked such wonders, the law is but poorly carried out, dogs being muzzled "on one side of the street, but not on the other."

The explanation of England's comparative freedom from hydrophobia scares lies in the fact that she has no Pasteur Institute to keep alive the public's fear, but has used for nearly half a century with the greatest success the famous Buisson Bath treatment, the principle of which is, that



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by excessive sweating any possible poison is expelled through the pores of the skin. In cases where Pasteur's inoculations have been of no avail, the Bath has cured, even in advanced stages of the disease. Efforts are being made to establish this treatment in America, and if Miss Fisher will communicate with me I shall be glad to send her further information in regard to this thoroughly reasonable method. Something in a constructive way is certainly what we want.

(Miss) KATHARINE S. NICHOLSON.

3610 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

June 22, 1910.

Sarcastic

DEAR LIFE:

As one of your long-time readers I want to thank you for your heroic stand on the unpopular side of the woman's suffrage question; your pictorial presentations of this question are so flush with the highest intel-

lectual thought of our times as to almost appear to be a dream of twenty years hence as it will be. The presentation of the esteemed ladies unattractively adorned in men's attire is so unique and at the same time so pat to the point as the sum substance of the movement in its most advanced intellectual manifestations as even to surpass LIFE's usual high standard of wit and perceptibility.

The idea of turning the artillery of ridicule on all woman's suffrage advo-

(Continued on page 86)



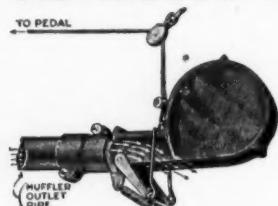
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THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO.
BOSTON U. S. A.
Makers of the famous "B-LINE" Oil & Grease Guns

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 85)

cates is as right as it is novel, and if we men had only thought of doing that twenty years ago woman's suffrage would have been forgotten years since, as all false movements have been. You can hardly expect your present readers, the vulgar throng of them at least, to do anything more than laugh at the drollness of the manly garbed figures, but their daughter's daughters may appreciate you should they come across some of their grandmother's copies of your current issues. I, at least, as one of the poor nightmare besotted males thank you heartily for attacking this horror of horrors baldly in all its naked heinousness.

In America man has proved his wonderful capacity for self-government, any skeptic will become convinced of that by obtaining an intimate knowledge of the personnel and lofty aims of our Legislatures and City Councils. Woman cannot be the equal of man, and since she cannot be she will not be unless we permit her.

FRANCIS E. LANGDON.

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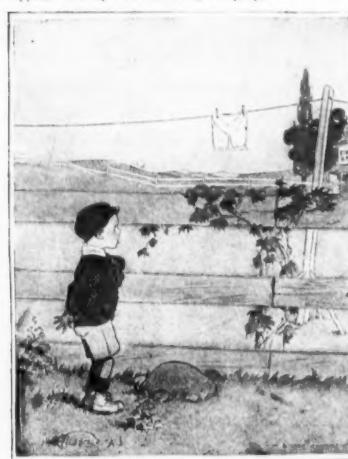
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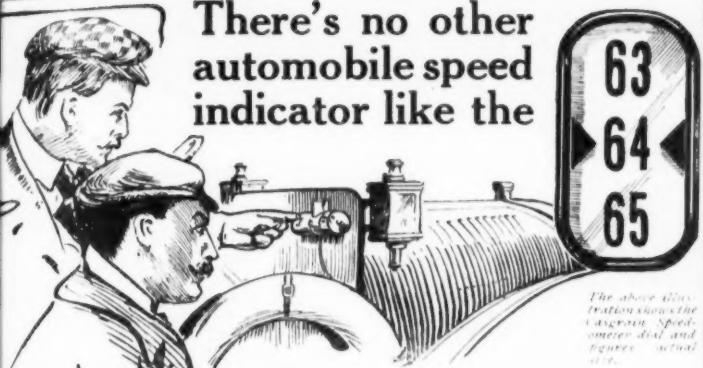


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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st St., NEW YORK

LIFE



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CASGRAIN SPEEDOMETER

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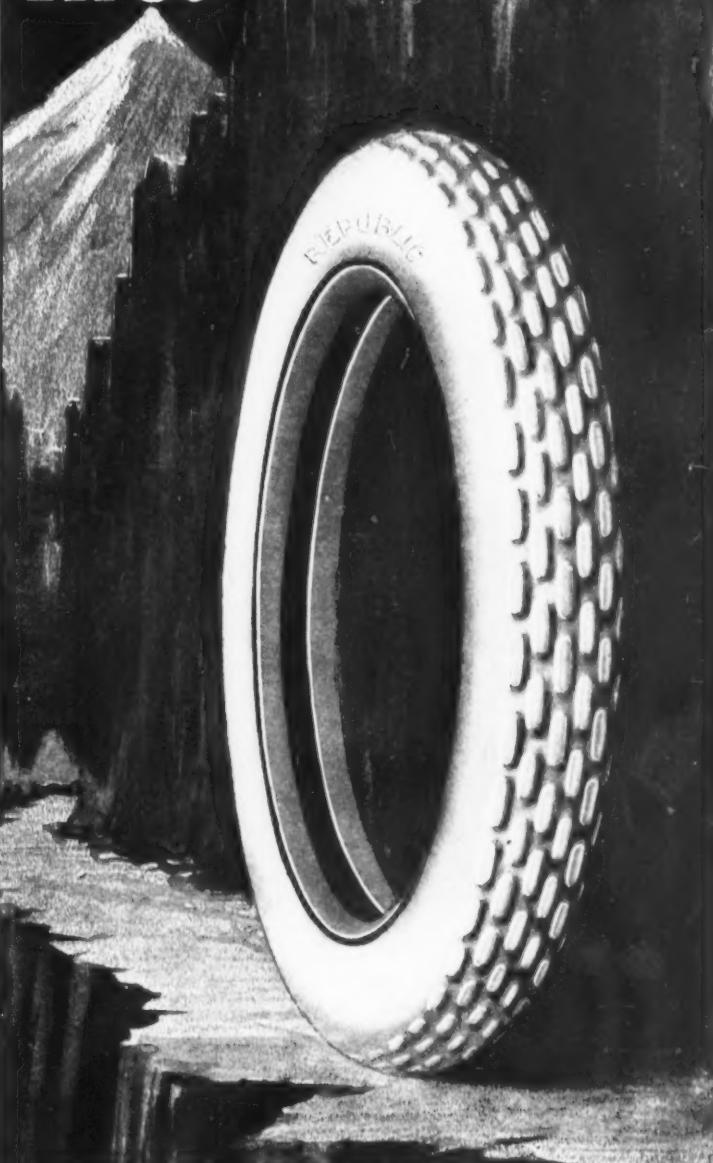
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